THE SAVAGE VENUS,

Pretty Girls of Other Worlds as Seen in the National Museum.

A Hottentot Beauty who Weighs Four Hundred Pounds-Wonderful African Bracelets.

Pretty Kaffer Girls-Grease as Clothing-Tattooing in the Far East-Tatooed Women of Alaska-Pretty Ears.

Special correspondence of the Gazette. WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.-The national museum has just received a large collection of articles from the wilds of Africa This exhibit has not yet been put in the cases, and a great part of it is yet to be classified. I had a private look at some or its curiosities to-day and my eyes grew big as I handled the jewelry worn by the ladies of the Congo. About the only things that a Congo girl cares for are her belt and bracelets. She wears in fact, nothing else. Her belt consists of a band which runs around the waist and which has a fringe about four inches long running down in front of it. The belt is ornamented in various ways, and I am told at the museum, that the belt constitutes the adornment of many savage women in different parts of the world. In most of the tropical countries women wear clothes purely for ornament, and there is no better place in the world to study the woman beautiful. By this I don't mean the Venus de Medici nor the ideal pretty woman of our civilization. I mean the ideal beautiful woman all over the world.

THE HOTTENTOT VENUS.

Every tribe has its different idea of beauty. I took a sketch to-day of the Hottentot Venus, who is considered the most beau ful woman of the African tribe to which she belongs. She is the wife of a king, and a painting is now being made of her from a photograph by the artist of the museum. She must weigh as least 400 pounds, and she seems to run all to hips and fat. I don't believe she could sit down in the ordinary washtub with her lege outside the rim, and she could certainly not be packed in a two bushel basket. She is so fat that when she lies which has a fringe about four inches long run-

and she could certainly not be packed in a bushel basket. She is so fat that when she down on her back she has to have her maids to help pull her up again, and in this fatness and



AFRICAN LIPS

grosmess consists her heauty, in the eyes of the Hottentot man. The Hottentot mothers stuff their babies with food in order to make them fat. They force milk into them as though they were so many geese, and they were trying to make pate de foi gras of them, and many a young girlis whipped by her mother because she will not eat till she bursts. This fatness, as a sign of beauty, is also a characteristic of Korean women. The fat Korean is supposed to be wealthy, and a girl who would weigh one-sixth of a ton ought to have a very rich father. The Hottentot Venus wears no clothes whatever, and she shows herself on all occasions and everywhere dressed only in fat. The Korean sister. She wears pantaloous and skirts, and sister. She wears pantaloons and skirts, an

everywhere dressed only in fat. The Korean woman is more overdressed than her American sister. She wears pantaloons and skirts, and she never goes out without a green cape thrown over her head, through the front of which she makes a crack with ber fingers just wide enough for her to see through. The Hottentot girl is not afraid of a man. The Korean Venus would have her purity soiled it a man looked at her, and it a stranger touched her it might mean death to the stranger and herself.

In this African collection are some of the heaviest bracelets and anklets which are found in the world. I handled one anklet made of brass which was as big around as your wrists and which weighed about four pounds. It would be impossible for a girl to run with such a thing on her leg, and there were bracelets by the dozen which weighed about a pound or more. Some of these bracelets were of ivory. Some were as thin as hangles. In India women often wear bracelets from the wrist to the armpit and I have seen at Bennres on women whose black skins were covered with a cotton dress consisting merely of a sheet wrapped around them, and which all toid could not have cost more than twenty-five cents, uracelets of gold, silver and brass which would have purchased a Paris costume. In the hill tribes of Burmah the women went great bands of brass around their necks and is said that one woman will sometimes carry as much as thirty pounds in this way. In the collection at the museum there are necklaces of iron, brass and gold and the objects are of all shape and description. The most curious necklace, to me, was one of human fingers, but this way used by the medicins men of a certain tribe rather than as an ornament for women. Two of the most beautifully formed women I have ever seen were pointed out to me by the curator of the African exhibit, from a picture in the possession of the museum. They were young Kaffirs, were about fifteen years old and fully developed. They were dressed in the costumes of the country. In other words they were perfect



thing in dressing a young Kaffir lady that is de rigeur. She must have a coat of grease every day before she can go out of the tent. She oils herself until her black skin shines like patent leather, and then putting on her six inch belt and her ivory bracelets she is ready for a siege. Until she reaches womanhood she does not even wear the belt, and as seen as the arranged on

leather, and then putting on her six inch bets and her ivery bracelets she is ready for a siege. Until she reaches womanhood she does not even wear the belt, and as soon as she is engaged she puts on a leather apren that comes to her knees. She has an idea that scars add to her beauty, and you will notice that in many cases a Kaffir woman's arm from the wrist half way up to the elbow has matural bracelets of raised flesh. This is done by cutting the arm when the child is young and filling the wounds with ashes made of burned snakes.

There ashes produce to a certain extent the effect of taitooing, and you will find the inttooed woman in nearly every country. Professor Hitchcock, who has just returned from Vero, the island which lies between Japan proper and Eastern Siberia, has brought some photographs of the savage aborigines of that country. He says that the Aino women are beautifully formed, but that they disfigure themselves with tattooing. When the Aino wants to kiss he has to kiss inside the tatoced line which runs shout the girl's mouth. The probability is that he does not know what kissing means, for the Japanese do not kiss, and they never shake hands. This tattooed line is one of the Aino's signs of beauty. It runs along the upper lip under the nose and between the under lip and the chin, and the two lines are united at the corners. Some of the women mile the cycloway by a streak of tattooing and all the girls have intoone begins a thea, or five. The skin is punctured with a knife and soot is rubbed in. A great deal of tattooing is done in

Alaska, and the museum has many examples of taitooed women of that country. They taitoo differently, however, from the Aines, and Lleut. Niblack of the navy, who spent some years in Alaska in the employ of the museum, has prepared a report upon this subject which is now in press. He says that the Haida tribe of Alaska have reduced taitooing to a fine art and that the women frequently taitoo finger rings upon their hands and bracelets upon their arms. It often takes several years to taitoo a woman properly, and the legs and breasts are taitooed as well as the face and arms. Taitooing is done among the Thibetans and in the Himalaya mountains you will see women with their alaya mountains you will see women with their cheeks scarred and red paint rubbed into them. Among some of the fashionable ladies of Japan —I nean English ladies living in Japan—tat-tooing has gotten to be quite a fad, and a man



who returned last week from the East in showing me a red, white and blue design which had been pricked by a tattooer upon his arm, told me that a half dozen fashionable ladies at Kobe. Japan, had had pictures made on certain parts of their bodies by this man. I could hardly believe him but he assured me that it was a fact. It is only the men among the Japanese who tattoe and the Japanese girl keeps her beautiful skin clean. It is the same among the Burmese and all of the beautiful women of the Orient the Venuses of Japan and Burmah are she most beautiful. They have skins as white as ours. Their forms are as plump and their eyes as bright and their smiles as winning. The only difference is in the confirmation of the features and in the dress and in certain ideas of adornment which make up what they consider beauty. who returned last week from the East in show-ing me a red, white and blue design which

adornment which make up what they consider beauty.

RARS FRETTY AND OTHERWISE.

There is no prettier ear in the world than that of Yum Yum. It is dainty as that of a baby's and its color is a delicate coral. It is never defaced with earrings and it sits on each side of Yum Yum's Jersey cream face, aft ornament to one of the sweetest pictures you will find in the world of womanhood. Her bair is well pulled up from it, and if you could separate it from the whole it alone would form enough attraction to make the blood jump in your veins. The Venus of flurmah has maturally just as pretty an ear, but site roins it by her ear plug. As soon as she reaches that age at which our girls begin to lengthen their dresses, her ear is bored by a professional ear borer, and this boring makes her a young woman. It is done with great ceremony. Her mother gives a party and all the friends look on while she is thrown down on the ground a golden wire is thrust through the lobe of her ear and twisted into a ring. After the sore is healed a bigger wire is put in. This is followed by a bigger one until the hole becomes as large around as a man's thumb. Then a plug of gold, silver or glass is put into the ear and is worn there from this time on as an ornament. These plugs are sometimes studded with diamonds, and in the cases of wealthy girls they are very costly. Among the poorer Burmese women the holes are enlarged until you could put a napkin ring in side of them. The Burmese cigar is about three times as big around as the ordinary Havana, and the Burmese women often carry their cigars are pulled out so that they will hang almost to the shoulders, and I have seen photographs of such ears which contained holes large enough for me to have put my fist through. This earboring is done by some of the East Indian maidens, and the daughters of the kings deface themselves in this way. As to nose rings, the Indian women have all sorts of them, and you will find that about half the women in the world ornament their noses. There are all sorts of EARS PRETTY AND OTHERWISE in their noses, and in eating they put the food through the ring into their mouths. The little



A HINDOD DAISY screw earrings which we are now using come from the far East, and you will find thousands of them in India. The Indian girls punch holes all along the edge of the car from the lobe up to the top, and they screw these earrings into them. They also acrev rings into the roots of their noses, and the blacker the skin the more anxiors the women seem to be to ornament it. In travelling in China I saw at Amoy a woman who was carrying the dirtiest kind of slops through the slums of the city. She was barefooted, barelegged, and she wore a cotton gown which cost about fifteen cents. Still, she had a dozen great silver hair pins each a foot long stuck into her waterfall, and a bunch of roses war pinned at the breast of her blue cotton shift.

dozen great sliver hair pins each a foot long stuck into her waterfall, and a bunch of roses war pinned at the breast of her blue cotton shift.

Not a few of the women of the world ornament their feet, and in India girls often wear bells on their toes. I have seen hundreds of them tramping along in their bare feet and making in reality, in the words of the old nursery rhyme, "music" as they went along. These bells are of sliver, gold or white metal, according to the wealth of the madden. They are a good deal like sleigh-bells, and are fastened to the top of a ring like a finger-ring that goes around the toe, in some cases a woman will have five of these bells on each foot, and in others only the rings are used and no bells. About three-foorth of the women of the world go barefooted and some of the women of the world go barefooted and some of the yentiest feet that you find anywhere are those of India and the far East. The Chinese woman would naturally have a pretty foot were it not for the custom of compressing it to make it smaller than it is. The Chinese are beautifully formed, they have small bones and are the aris to-farthed their limbs are as beautiful as those of the Venus of the custod. They have small bones and heir limbs are as beautiful as those of the Venus of the capitol. The empress of China wers's number two shoe and no woman with a compressed foot as allowed in the royal palace. The bulk of the women of China, however, we not Manchus and there are at least 100,000,000 of wives and maidens in China who have compressed feet. There is a woman at Canton, China, who can signed and spin around on a trade dollar without letting her shoe come ontside the rim. Her foot is one of the kind that the Chinese go into raptures over under the name of the golden filly. It is a horriblet thing however, when it is outside of the shoe. You find that the making the women cripples. It takes away all the beauty of the call and there is not a pond of flesh on any one of these 150,000,000 Chinese women below the knet. I PRETTY PRET ALL THE WORLD OVER.

mations pay as much attention to putting up their hair as we do. Yum Yum is not at all ashamed of making her toilet either, and she sits on the floor before an open door or window with her dress down to her waist, primning be-fore a mirror. She looks at you and smiles.as with her dress down to her waist, primping before a mirror. She looks at you and smiles—as you pass by, and she generally has a maid to help her primp and powder. It costs about twenty cents for the professional hair dresser to put up a woman's hair in Japan. It is stiffened with paste and the young lady is not expected to have if put up more than once a week. She lies at night with her hair on a wooden pillow about as big as a loaf of bread to keep her perfumed locks from the floor, and she makes it a point not to move her head in steeping. There is no more luxuriant hair in the world than that of the Japanese, and this probably comes from the shaving of the head when she is a baby. The custom of shaving the head and blackening the teeth upon marriage is dying out, and the empress is doing all she can to discourage it. Different styles of hairdressing prevail in different parts of China, and the waterfall is known everywhere. The Korean girl wears her hair on the nape of her neck and the lady servants of the palace wear about a bushel of false hair on the tops of their heads. The Aino women wear their hair down over their cars like the men, and perhaps the only shorthaired women in the world are those of Siam. The Siamese girls have beautiful forms, and as your beat floats in and out among the water home of Bangkok you see many of them standing on the steps of their floating houses, taking their daily bath. They throw a cloth around them and step down to their waits in the water and there splash themselves to their heart's content. They have skins of a rich krome yellow, bright black eyes showing out of buttonhole lids, and their hair stands up like porcupine quilts all over their heads. They have a rogulah look and they are by no means unhandsome.

THE TANGLER.

Divers Enigmas and Odd Conceits for Bright Wits to Work Out.

Any Communications Intended for This Depariment Should be Addressed to E- E-Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine-

173.-Charade. Adolphus and Matilda fair, Were a romantic, happy jair; They loved each other, out the lad Had never yet the courage had To offer her his heart and haud, Though it was what he oft had planned. Now they were standing on a mound With charming scenery all around; A rippling streamlet near them ran, And in the distance they could scan And in the distance they could scan Mountain peaks, up-towering high, And "touching, as it were, the sky," Whole peaks, the lover said, were they—He talked in a poetic way—"Up to the first see how they rise And melt away in far-off skies." The maid was pleased with talk so wise, And showed her pleasure in her eyes. In the word whole—in last, I mean—A glimpse of lover's act was seen; Then he took courage to confess His love in words of tenderness, And ask her hand and she said yes. Then there was last—there always is When lover's wooing comes to this. NHLSONIAN.

174. -Transposition. He who boldly shapes bis first Cannot be by first accursed: For he holes that destiny Never is by first's decree. 'Tis a two to be admired, When by right ambition fired; Poverty or humble birth Cannot chain a man to earth. BITTER SWEET.

175 - Names of Papers. (The names are hidden in the following:) Our son John has just finished his new story which promises to be such a success. His Uncle which promises to be such a success. His Uncle
Conrad Van, centers many hopes on him,
on account of his journalistic propensities,
and deciares he will be another Aidrich. John
doesn't seem to be so enthusiastic about his
success, but Conrad is patching up his ambition by encouraging wo distelling him he will in
time stand among the leating literary men of
the land. He always has to inquire regarding
the progress of the book every time they meet.

Of course we wish him success, and every favorable report, erratic though it may be, gives
us great pleasure.

ETHYL.

176. -Syncopation. A schole upon the water rides,
And never sinks beneath the tides;
Tis not a vessel, nor a raft,
Nor any other kind of craft,
When winus and waves are in commotion
It keeps its place upon the dean.
Lasts on land we often see,
And they may also swimmers be;
They're lively, frolicsome and gay,
And oft annoy us in some way.

J.

O, cruel whole, offspring of vengeful last, What mortal can elude your crasp? Pursued forever till our race is past, We can but live and feebly gasp.

Sometimes upon the highest round of fame. We can view the stars, and know they are benign; The down, deep down we fall with tarnished

And all our hopes, ambitions, we resign. Gold! gold! we take in floods of gold! Or in the leads a depths of poverty sink low. Oh, could we in our hands total hold, Oh, could we in our mands to be know.

No grief or cares would mortals ever know.

Gwennouse:

178-A Strange Satchel, One day a lady friend came to vicit me, bringing with her a traveling bag, which I assisted her to unpack. I shall not be betraying confidence if I tell you what it contained. Imagine my dismay when I found in it articles like these. A bond servant, a space between two mountains, a dead calf and a piece of a boat. The other things were what you might expect to find, such as a covering for the face, a box of ointment, a receptacle for flowers, a part of a finger ring, a small bottle, etc. small bottle, etc.

The strangest of my story is that each article
was a part of the bag. What was the name for
the bag, and what were its contents?

Prays.

179.-Numerical. The youngsters gather in the barn, And all the corn there hosped in piles, While telling each a merry yarn, With cheeks all wreathed in pleasant smiles,

4, 1, 2, 8 of ancient times
Danced joldly on 6, 7, 5,
Or sang some ditty of old Grimes,
Who may chance have been alive.

Bucolic songs are pleasing ones, And rural ways more hearts to gi Ahead of puzziers' ways and puns, Or modern sports and melody. 180-Anagram. "A great man rests": when he is tired,
For rest is then the thing desired.
Complets is not a great man, for
He ranks not very high in war;
One non-ocumissioned may be brave,
And yet in vain for glory crave.
A whole performs his duty in
Preserving proper discipline,
And punishing offenders who
Do not soldier's duties do.

Nutaenta

NELSONIAN.

161 -1. Because it is hard to beat. 2. Because he would like to see it go off. 3. Because it is

ton's "Hed-Alea." Hon. W. H. Crain, member of congress from Texas, writes: "It affords me pleasure to add my testimony to that of hundreds who have ex-perienced relief by the use of your wonderful "Rod.Abs." Cures in fifteen minutes. For alle all druggists, 50c. IN ANNANDALE.

Ruins of the Grandest Fortress on the Scottish Border-Home of the Bruces.

Pastoral Annandale-How the Pilgrim to Carlyle's Home and Tomb is Looked Upon with Suspicion-

ECCLEFECHAN, SCOTLAND, July 22 .--

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Lying between Eskdale on the east and Nithsdale on the west is the sweet and pastoral Annandale, though not among the most noted yet one of the most lovely valleys of the Scottish border. To the leisurely and sentimental pilgrim tarrying among its pleasing scenes, it appeals with goodly fascination. It is but a tiny vale, thirty miles long, the river Annan, from which it takes its name, having its source in the Hartfell mountains, and winding with gentle flow through and between characteristic Scottish villages, its banks dotted with humble crofts, larger farmsteads, and all the lang syne features of countryside Scottish homes. Though the little valley is accorded no special fame among the Scottish people themselves, and is scarcely ever visited by tourists, to me it seems that in a few particulars it possesses extraordinary interest. Within the distance of one day's tramp across five parishes through which winds the gentle Annan, can be seen one of the most ancient, and certainly one of the most historic castle ruins of Scotland, the first home in Scotland of Robert the Bruce, at Lochmaben; the birthplace, at Annan, of the greatest and most unfortunate of all Scottish preachers. Edward Irving; the wonderful phenomena the tides of Solway Firth, which are perhaps better observed from the great Annan vinduct connecting England with Scotland than at any other spot along the Solway shores; and the birthplace and burial-place of the one philsepher, essayist and critic who has undoubtedly left a deeper impression upon the intellectual minds in Great Britian and America than any other individual who ever adorned and perplexed this country-erabbed, crafty, mighty and glorious old

THOMAS CARLYLE. At about the center of Annandale in the parish of Lochmaben, are eight curious little lakes sharlow and with sedgy shores. In these are found the vendace fishes from five to six inches in length, nowhere else discovered in Great Britain, of a brilliant silvery appearance, and in anatomy and flavor much resembling those famous American ciscoes which, in June, attract such hosts of anglers to the shores of Lake Geneva, in Wisconsin. They are the most delicate fish known to the British gourmand. Their heads are extraordinarily marked, in a puce-colored transparent substance, with the perfectly defined figure of a heart, through which, when freshly caught, the brain may be seen. Along the baughs and moss-banks of the lochs the deadly adder lurks; and the pensantry will tell you that these dreadful reptiles are kept down by their implacable foes, the herons, which are certainly continually seen dodging in and out among, and hovering over, the sur-About a rounding reeds and mosses. mile from the ancient burgh town of Lochmaben, on a tongue-shaped peninsula which extends into the lake cailed the Castle-loch, are found the ruins of the grandest fortress the border ever knew. Whether or not it was the original residence of the Bruces, granted by David I., in 1124, or an enlarged successor built in the Thirteenth century, it covered sixteen acres of ground, and is known to have been absolutely impregnable before the invention of gunpowder. It was a stupendous and magnifient pile, the care and perfection which it was built are attested in the immense walls still traceable, and in the fact that though its masonry has been exposed to the elements of 600 years, one will to-day as often break the stone itself as separate by strokes of sledge hammer the stone and mortar with which the walls were constructed. It seems unfortunate that so noble a ruin could not have been given better care and preservation. One half of the structures of Lochmaben burg have built from the material in the majestic stone pile. Cow houses and byre walls for a half dozen miles in every direction disclose the source from which their material was ravaged by protruding molding, splendid ashlar work or grinning gargovles; it is said that a citizen of Lochmaben burgh warms his shins at the identical pair of jambs which once rested on the paternal hearth of Bruce; and the old key to the outer gate of the majestic pile, in which had been nurtured the proudest line of the Scottish patriot kings, on being discovered a half century since by the leaden-headed hinds of the district, was regarded as such an antiquarian prize, as it weighed several pounds, that it was at once turned over

version into a pair of UTILITARIAN TURF SPADES! The prim and ancient town of Annan, at the side of the Solway where the Annan waters flows into that estuary, is a burgh of quaint, old granite homes, inhabited by quaint, old granite Scotch folk, rich, contented, indolent. Great, square houses, great square doors, great, square windows with great, square faces in them, tell the story of olden thrift, and the older border prowess, with now and then a quiet era of as profitable smuggling, whose headquarters werein the sheltering port. Somehow the broad, cool, shaded, slient streets and deserted wharf sides recall Salem town, on our New England coast, and its flavor of romance when the old skippers sailed home with their wondrous riches and curiosities, not always peacefully got in the Indies. East and West; and the Annanites will match Salem's Gallows Hill with its old castle site and its dark deeds of valor and blood; in place of Salem's custom house and the desk where the gentle Hawthorne toiled, they will bring you to the old academy, now a stately residence, where Carlyle once was schooled, and was afterwards its master in mathematics; and for Salem's memories of Mather they will recall for you the wonderful career of that inspired and holy man, Edward Irving, whom, for living too closely to his divine Model, the stern old Presbyterian de-graded from holy orders, and then they will take you to the little house in Butt street, Fish Cross, where he was born, and over whose door the simple inscrip-tion, "At this house Edward Irving was born 4 August, 1792. He left neither an Enemy nor a Wrong Behind him, " will remain through time a brightening epitome of endless fame, while those who broke his saintly life and heart will molder in forgotten graves.

Leading from Annan to the English

to the Lochmaben blacksmith for con-

duct one and one-half miles in length. One cannot resist the temptation to cross this into rockgirt Cumberland; for at its southern approach is one of the oddest little villages along the whole English border. This is Bowness. It consists of one long compactly-built street, perched up there above the wild Solway tidos like an eagle's nest securely hung upon some erng-edge, ont-jutting above a sea-swept precipice. What brave old houses have these Bowness folk; every one as solid as a castle. Like the Lochmaben people who transformed the mighty castle of the Bruces' into matter-of-fact nabitations and impregnable cow-sheds, the inhabitants of Bowness scouted the further utility of ancient Roman walls, and as the most stupendous one in Britain ended here, it was in good time transformed into huge walled houses, with here and there in their hard facades a weird old Roman altar, by way of unconscious history and grim assertive witness of primitive iconoclusm. These people of the Cumberland border are fishermen and "statesmen." latter term applies, in the two northwest counties of England, Westmorland and Cumberland, to those who farm their own land, if it does not exceed a half-acre in area; and lands have descended for centuries in the same families Some are both "statesmen" and fishermen, and all are descended from

A CENTURIES-OLD LINE OF MEN who could equally well turn their hands to the plough, to smuggling, to the temporary bloody trade of moss troopers, or to the nets. And it was not so very long ago that salmon were so plentiful in the Solway that servants engaging to masters on the English or Scottish side of the Firth stipulated that "salmon or other fish should not be given them oftener than three days in the week." Strange, quiet, God-fearing souls these Bowness folk, with giant frames and wondrous height; with wide, fair brows, great blue or hazel eyes and heads of flaxen hair; and with dumb, sodden, speechless ways to the end, which brings them at last from behind the Roman altars of their sturdy home-walls to the drear old church-vard. dug out of the fosse where once the mighty Roman defences stood. Tarrying or going, one may well say of all Bowness folks: Here are the quaint old homes with the quaint

old hearis.
Where life to all is measured in three parts;
A simple way: The birth, the toil, the rest!

But a certain alertness of attention, an unconscious habit and attitude of listening as it were, true of every man, wonan and child on both sides of the Firth. discloses that the tide is coming up from the Irisbisea. These folk will tell you they can hear it twenty miles away. Long before this, if you are standing on the cliff-edge you will see the fishers, waist deep in water, hurrying on the tightening of their upright nets, which for ten miles below seem like tiny fences of rush; and away sea-ward with your glass you can see them scurrying up from the ebb-slime and sands towards safety and the shore. Then to your unpracfloed ears come the faint reverberations of a hoarse roar; and soon, like a pillar of flame in the play of the sunlight, the great mist-banner of the advancing waters is flung from Scotland to England, almost from Criffel to Siloth, and moves toward you like a lurid cloud above a running battle. In a few moments more the brilliancy of the phenomenon is greatest. Preceding the advancing cloud along the seething front of a wall of water five miles wide, glitter, foams and hisses a bank of spume and spray, zoned rimmed and interlaced with tiny rainows. The roaring of the bellowing water hosts becomes deafening. For an instant you are enveloped by the cloud. That passed, while you thrill with the mystery and awful grandeur of the spectacle, the great tide-head is abreast of you, a true tide-bore, such as breaks majestically into Minas and other estuaries of the bay of Fundy, cylindrical and straight as an arrow across the Firth, and from six to eight teet in height, which sweeps past with a bellow and shrick like that of an bundred thousand coast foghorns howling in unison; while close in its wake is the hillocky, tempestuous mass of waves, brilliantly gorgeous in fitfully swept prismatic colors; and the Solway tide is in. SOME ENGLISH TRAMPS

were singing for their breakfasts before the doors of the grave Scottish villagers at Ecclefechan when I tramped into the hamiet behind them. There were five of them, great, hulking fellows, and their hoarse and aggressive bellowing was the only sound indicative of human life in the village, even at that late hour of the morning. They stood beside a melodious burn which dashed from under a covered way and coursed on through the village street. At one side of the stream was an ancient wall. On the other were straggling houses, and the one before which the vagabonds lifted up their harrowing volces was one of the plainest and quaintest in Ecclefechan. From its appearance it might have been an olden stable; an abandoned lodge at the entrance to some gentleman's establishment formerly located behind it: or the ancient fail of the village, now smartly whitewashed and transformed into a lowly habitation. It was a mite of a thing with an archway through it occupying one-third of the lower story. At each side was a narrow oaken door, and, nearer each end, a tiny window. In the second story an-other little window, above each lower one, looked into the street; and over the center of the archway were two still more diminutive windows, side by side. It was a double house of the dwarf va-

riety, and the one at the north end, where the strong lunged sorners sang, was the birth-place of Thomas Carlyle. The bellowing had brought muchcapped guidwives to various windows and alley-entrances, at safe distances. I lostered near enough to hear them discuss the matin-song of the tramps as well as the house and its fo mer occu-

pants.
**They needna fash (trouble) theirsels tae sing there;" croaked one old dame with a gentle swaying of her head bewith a gentle swaying of her head betokening a reminiscential vein of remark. "They mecht roar t eirsels
black i' the face, afore they'll draw
bluid frae that neep (turnip)!"

"Oh, eye," crooned a still older
woman, "its weel kent nae puir body

iver saw, syne or soon, the recht side o' the Carlyles' siller!' How Carlyle's adorers would have

groaned to hear these old neighbors go on! One hinted at their pride with, "They thouht theirsels nae sheep-shanks!" Another, at their thrift with, "They nee'r sell'd their hens on a ralny day." Another, of massliness with day." Another, of miserliness with, "They gae their banes to une dogs." Another, of their asterity with, "They warns guid to neebor wi"." And another bent old body summed up what any one will at once find to be the universal feeling in the testy little village, with the crisp epitome, "They were ill to thole!" That is, it was hard to get along with the Carlyles. It is historic that others besides these dim old souls, ome who lived in the same houses

Leading from Annan to the English FOUND IT JUST THAT WAY.

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tory, and after a few victous kicks at the door departed, giving me opportunity to reach the house just as the huge form and red, veinous face of Mrs. John Gourley, care-taker, appeared at the door. Shaking a fine bludgeon after the vanishing vagrants she relieved her indignation with: "Hoots! It's a weary day for suld Scotland whan there's na body t' fend a boose like this frae tha low English beggars!" and then, in radiant expectancy of low English "saxpences," bade me enter There is but one room below stairs.

In the upper story there is a room the

same size as that on the first floor. This

is retained as a sort of showroom.

and is well enough filled to be interesting

with Carlyle relies, including his famous coffee pot in which he was wont to brew coffee and his equally tobacco cutter-handmaids of the Cheyne Row, Chelsea, inspiration, and inseparable companions of his trascibility and dyspepsia. Off this little chamber and sitting room, in which is set a quaint old fireplace, is a little, lonk, low bed-room over the archway; and in this Thomas Carlyle was born. Altogether the place is uninviting, meager, hard, austere. The father who built it was godly, stubborn, irascible; flinty as the Scotch granite in which he wrought as a stonemason, truly "ill to thole," bent-back old guidwife, who knew him, so aptly described the family. Disasso ciating the man Thomas Carlyle from the herolam of his lofty work, you cannot come to one spot made warm, tender and glowing for his having been a part of it; and the dreary old kirk-yard where he lies, but a few steps from where he was born, intensifies the feeling that something of the human and humane was lacking, or was denied, his whole line. There does not seem to be one soul in all the region where he was born and reared who recalls the family name with loving kindness and respect To be known as a pligrim to the Carlyle home and tomb is to be re garded with suspicion and sneers. The very grave stone is parsimonious and shabby; the enclosure unkempt; weeds and brambles crowd the spot closely; the lad that unlocks the gate suckers behind you; and as I stood for a little time leaning upon the iron railing in contemplation of the lonely, neglected grave of this rare old warrior in the field of letters, wondering, after all, if any true greatness can ever exist so far above the heads and hearts of the lowly that they are not reached, aided and encompassed by it; a bevy of rosy-cheeked, roguish-eyed Scotch lassies passed; and regarding me with hilarious scorn for overlooking the merits of Ecclefechan itself for dismal loitering where the hearts of none here turned, one fair maiden applied to a certain disciple of Carlyle such sturdy words of badinage as might well bewilder the bravest pilgrim to shrines in foreign lauds.

Musing lone one summer morning
In an ancient Scottish kirk yard
By the grave of rare old Carirle,
Reverent bowed and deep in dreaming—
Suddenly there passed a maidou;
Passed, but paused. Then, smiling, quoth she:
"There's no yon but stanes an' brombles;
Muccle mair's in Ecclelechan!"

Then the roguish maiden vanished From the place of stones and brambles, And I left the dank old kirk yard With the lesson of her scorning: Keep thy soul from out the shadows; Turn thy life from graves to gladness! This though but a hint in living, This I learned at Ecclefechau.

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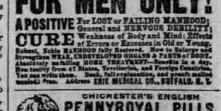
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